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THOMAS CARLYLE.

Critic, historian, poet,—light-giving to the uttermost point of the distance reached by his rays ; gruff and growling, from the first day of his career to the last,—the constellation of the Great Bear may be said to have disappeared from the heavens of English literature.

It is a little too soon to say so calm a thing of this tempestuous man as that he who attempts to construct a theory of opinion for him will find Carlyle himself the great obstacle in the road. The reflection of his unique luminousness is yet bright on the clouds that have

begun to gather between this world and him ; and it is difficult to anticipate the tranquil comment of those whose eyes will be undimmed by the glare of his living brilliancy. Yet it is true that the reputation of Carlyle has reached and passed its highest point. The dramatic eccentricity of his life and conduct has given him a larger place in the attention of his contemporaries than his writings will secure from those who will read them freed from that spell. Doubtless it is audacity to venture such an assertion ; the grounds for it lie in the relation which consistency of convictions holds to permanent rank in literature and, therefore, to permanent reputation.

The prominence which a figure has in the age in which its life is productively active is no assurance that its place is not to be vacated for another equally aggressive which will come forth from the future. This generation has constantly judged Carlyle not only by the startling sensationalism of what he had already said about men and events, but by its own piquant anticipation of what he was likely to say about things and personages to come. The element of piquancy will be wanting in the future criticism of the man and his thought. His books will be read as are those of all others who have written and passed away.

The Present judges thought largely by its costume. The early Eastern kings whose richness of royal robes deceived their subjects into the belief that they were monarchs of all the globe, have scarcely left names upon the stones which proclaim their impotency to oblivion. The apparently immense fame which Carlyle has enjoyed during his long life has been acquired too much by the costuming in barbaric magnificence of many series of thoughts whose gorgeous and fantastic adornment was well designed to blind his age into a delusion concerning their real value. There is a constitu-

tional hidden consumptiveness in the thought of Carlyle upon every topic on which he has written; and the disease will not be perceived by those who have read only a portion of his writings. Carlyle was so truly and unconsciously a poet that he never detected the difference between rhetoric and reason.

He is the greatest rhetorician the English language can boast. His logical sense was so feeble and spasmodic in its vitality that it is generally inefficient. The vast scope of his imagination, the minuteness, the vivacity, the grace, the beauty, the force of his fancy, made him unmindful of the objective in affairs and in ideas. He saw what he supposed were facts;—they were only visions. He elaborated what he dreamed were coherent systems of opinion in religion, in statesmanship, in philosophy; his dreams were so bright, so graphic, so picturesque, that he never woke up from one except to enter upon another. The strange phenomenon has been presented from time to time of the partisans of antagonistic schools of politics and theology claiming him with equal energy as their own. Nor was this spectacle without warrant. Whatever dream was upon the fancy of Carlyle he dreamed with the intensity of genius absorbed in its creative consciousness; and so extraordinary were his powers of depiction that he has left testimony exceedingly persuasive to almost every creed held by mankind.

He derided evolution; he sneered at what he called the pretensions of modern science; he esteemed practical scientists as highly as the venders of medical nostrums; yet, when the eye of his fancy turned toward the demonstrations which science has coaxed from the clod and torn from the rock, he was so true a poet that he paid unconscious homage to what a moment before he had reviled. "All science," he says, "swims as a mere superficial film." Of the creation, "atheistic science babbles poorly . . . with scientific nomenclatures, experiments and what-not, as if it were a poor dead thing, to be bottled up in Leyden jars and sold over counters"; then, ceasing to be critic, and yielding again to the true instinct of the poet, he says in the same essay,—"The Hero as Divinity,"—"Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed it." Thus does he

confess, as poet, the whole essence of the hypothesis on which modern science rests;—the hypothesis of heredity, environment, and the absence of what in theology is meant by God's grace. Yet we need go only to the essay on "The Hero as Priest" to find Carlyle talking as positively about the grace of God as if he felt it stream from the throne on high into his own quickened heart. He is writing of Martin Luther. "It must have been a most blessed discovery, that of an old Latin Bible which he found in the Erfurt library about this time. He had never seen the book before. It taught him another lesson than that of fasts and vigils. Luther learned now that a man was saved not by singing masses but by the infinite grace of God; a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded as upon a rock." There are almost as many inconsistencies as assertions here. Did not Carlyle know that the Bible teaches the lesson of fasts and vigils? Had not Luther been seeking the grace of God by singing masses? And who but a poet would find it possible to speak of the Bible as a rock? Has it not been the sands on which all conflicting sects have been shifted upon one another?—the quicksands in which thousands upon thousands of honest minds have sank to rise no more from skepticism and doubt? But the poet in Carlyle had the vision of Luther before him; the rhetoric of Carlyle carried him along into unconscious and inevitable inconsistency while making his vision apparent to others.

If we return to his essay on "The Hero as Divinity" we shall find, however, that he was not a Lutheran—although that term is vague enough,—nor an evangelical in even a vaguer way, but a Pantheist. "Worship," he writes, "is transcendent wonder,"—that is mere rhetoric;—"wonder for which there is now no limit or measure; that is worship. To those primeval men, all things and everything they saw exist beside them were an emblem"—this is a specimen of Carlyle's supreme contempt for rules of grammar,—of the Godlike, of some God. And look what perennial fibre of truth was in that. To us, also, through every star, through every blade of grass, is not a God made visible, if we will but open our minds and eyes?" On this and similar passages the accusation of pantheism lies against Carlyle; but it is surely meagrely sustained. Precisely what he believed as to the origin or destiny of

man, it is impossible to affirm for him, since he did not affirm it for himself; but the passage quoted is not theology, it is only poetry. Wordsworth has written dozens of such fancies; but he loved the ritual of the Anglican church and never forgave Frederick William Faber for abandoning it.

The social origin of Carlyle, and the conditions which walled his youth frowningly about, had much to do with the peculiar constitution of his mind. Persecution has crushed everything except piety and prejudices. The law of moral and intellectual descent is far from established, and its advocates claim too much for it; but Carlyle is one of its witnesses. His blood had the heat of the covenanters in it; in his bone was the grit of the Presbyterians who had prayed on the side of the mountain cliff while the king's soldiers levelled their arms from the opposite side of the chasm. From this sturdy stock he did not inherit reverence enough to become a minister; and, unlike many ministers who are able to reconcile a secret gradual deliquescence of heterodox faith with an open annual increase of orthodox salary, he hurt his pious parents to the soul by refusing to be ordained after going through the paces to the holy state. If education had thus cooled the ardor of his devotion, there was enough fire left in its ashes to make him dislike avowed atheism and to enable him to hate valiantly all other creeds. The waning spirit of his humble and God-fearing forefathers resided in him; it had suffered considerable modification under influences of speculation and analysis; and what it lost in theology of the old grim persevering type, it gained in poetical feeling.

The poetry of his nature suffused everything upon which his eyes fell. That he was once genial in soul, is clear from his essay on Burns; but the long dismal discouraging wait he had outside the front door of the world's consideration embittered his kindness and made his sublime egotism take on a fixed aspect of derision and contempt toward his fellow-men. When fame came to him at last, he was somewhat in the position of Johnson after Chesterfield had undertaken to become his patron in order to secure the dedication of his dictionary. While Carlyle was begging the friendship of men, he failed to get it; after he had conquered their admiration, he might ask, as Johnson did, whether a patron was he who,

when a man was struggling in the water, refused to stretch forth a hand to save him, but after he has reached dry land, embarrasses him with help. Had success come to Carlyle earlier, he would perhaps have escaped from his own narrow self-introspection and walked abroad in the free and healthy world, seeing things as all men see them who are not morbid, and sympathizing with the aspirations of mankind for expansion and advancement.

The want of this sympathy will be injurious to his later fame. There are to be no more surprises from his wonder-working pen. He is done astounding all writers of English with a style in lucid moments the best, and in fitful convulsions the worst, in our literature. He will be read hereafter less for his blazing pictures of revolution, less for his marvellous idealisms of strong and wicked men into heroes and divinities, less for his gigantic power of pictorial sketches of character,—all false, yet all symmetrical and self-consistent in their untruth;—than for the simple essence of pure moral truth in his writings. And what will the slowly accumulating judgment of the future be? Is it rash to characterize it? Will it not be that he did not feel any difference between rhetoric and reason? That he did not perceive that poetry is not fact? That he was incapable of writing history because he had too much imagination and unconsciously confounded his own personality with that of the chiefs whom he selected as sitters for his frames? And, the essay on Burns aside, what one of all his books will the heart of mankind lay closely to itself and cherish? He has aggrandized the mean, the vicious, the brutal. He has spent the noble genius of his faculties in robing splendidly some of the most ignoble figures in history. He has affronted the truest feelings in the unspoiled human soul by mad arguments against brotherhood and equality before God and kings. His sneers have been poured over the best proceedings of humanity; his sinister smiles have cast a glow upon what the instincts of humanity sicken at. The almost delirious advocate of sheer force as the worthiest thing in the world, his sanity has sometimes been questioned by irritated flippancy which has not reflected that there is so much difference between reason and rhetoric that half the people who read never discover it.

Carlyle is the greatest inventor of half-truths the world has become acquainted with.

He has made more epigrams and wittier ones than any other man. The witty half-truth is bewildering and fascinating because of its wit; but the forgotten half of the truth is sure to overtake and expose it.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

MR. RUSKIN'S LETTERS.*

"Arrows of the Chace" is the felicitous name given to a collection of Mr. Ruskin's letters, edited by one of his pupils, who assures us that it contains every letter mentioned in his bibliography, with two exceptions—a series upon the Lord's Prayer, which appeared in the "Contemporary Review," and some half-dozen upon "A Museum or Picture-Gallery" printed in the "Art Journal," both of which seemed rather akin to review articles than to letters proper. The letters, one hundred and fifty-seven in number, are classified according to subjects; but a chronological list of those in each volume, and another of the entire collection, is added. The first volume contains those upon Art and Science, the second those upon Political Economy and kindred topics; the two-fold classification illustrating very well the range and direction of their author's thoughts.

Art and Political Economy do not seem to have much to do with each other; and that Mr. Ruskin, the great critic of art, should have turned from art to a subject so very different, and indeed, in their usual mode of treatment, so incongruous, is taken as only another illustration of the waywardness of his mind. But in truth there is a profound meaning in their connection with one another, and it is his highest claim to the gratitude of the world that he has recognized and insisted upon this. If he had treated art merely from its æsthetic point of view, or political economy merely as an *a-priori* science, he would have been an acute and eloquent essayist, but he would not have been a prophet. It is because he emphasizes first and last the ethical aspect of art, and makes political economy an instrument to elevate and refine human society, that he is

something more than an art critic and a writer of economical essays. He is one of the great tonic writers of the century—a writer of genuine inspiration and power. That his influence upon his generation has not been as great as it is healthful, must be ascribed to a mental defect of his own; a fault which has deprived him of a large share of his legitimate influence.

He candidly calls attention to this fault in his preface, without, however, seeming to recognize its full bearing. After pointing out that these letters, being called out by special incitement to attack particular errors and abuses—being literally "arrows of the chace"—and "written with fully provoked zeal, under strict allowance of space and time," contain "the choicest and most needful things I could within narrow limits say, out of many contending to be said, expressed with deliberate precision," etc., he goes on to say that at the time they were written he was "fonder of metaphor and more fertile in simile" than now; and he "could then dismiss in six words 'thistle-down without seeds, and bubbles without color' forms of art on which I should now perhaps spend half a page of analytic vituperation." "Analytic vituperation"—that is just it; that is what has destroyed Mr. Ruskin's influence and made him called insane. He has not been able to resist the temptation to which so many reformers have yielded, to pass from earnest denunciation to vituperation—a form of speech which has never yet accomplished one particle of good, but which has always set back the reformer's work by causing a state of mind upon which his arguments and appeals fall powerless. The prophet complains that the people's ears are dull of hearing, and by vituperation he closes them utterly against his words.

Mr. Ruskin falls just short, therefore, of being a great prophet: first, by his vituperative habit; secondly, by refusing to ally himself with that spirit of liberalism which, with all its faults, is the only source from which any hearty support to his own teachings can be expected. It is easy to understand his hatred of liberalism—the shallow, sloppy habit of mind, so common now-a-days, which has no convictions, but is satisfied, in an easy-going optimism, to let evil influences run riot, or which fancies that good and permanent results can be accomplished without thorough training and solid labor. But what good can be ac-

*ARROWS OF THE CHACE. Being a Collection of Scattered Letters published chiefly in the Daily Newspapers, 1840-1890. By John Ruskin, LL.D., D.C.L., Honorary Student of Christ Church, and Honorary Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford; and now Edited by an Oxford Pupill. With Preface by the Author. Two Volumes in One. New York: John Wiley & Sons.

complished, or what insight imparted, by such a letter as the last in the collection (vol. ii, p. 197), addressed to the President of the Liberal Party of the Glasgow Students, last October:

"My Dear Sir: What in the devil's name have you to do with either Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone? You are students at the University, and have no more business with politics than you have with rat-catching. Had you ever read ten words of mine with understanding, you would have known that I care no more either for Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes going by steam, but that I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen." [In his epilogue he explains that he would never compare Liberalism to *Mammon*, or *Belial*, or *Moloch*, but only to "the milder fiend of Ekron."]

In another passage (p. 10), he speaks more to the point—he is on the Italian question:

"I have no doubt that in the Liberal papers one might find much mouthing about liberty, as in the Conservative much about order, it being neither liberty nor order which is wanted, but Justice. You may have Freedom of all Abomination, and Order of all Iniquity—if you look for Forms instead of Facts. Look for the facts first—the doing of justice, howsoever and by whatsoever forms or informalities."

In his diatribe against Liberty in "The Queen of the Air" he says "all freedom is error," and proceeds to define freedom as equivalent to lawlessness and irresponsibility. But that is not English historical Liberty.

The letters on political economy which, in its various aspects, make up the greater part of the second volume, belong to that portion of Mr. Ruskin's work in which he runs most directly counter to the prevailing tendencies of society, and which, therefore, has stamped him as unpractical and wrong-headed. He inveighs against the civilization and social influences of the day as heartily and vehemently as Pius IX. in his Encyclical, so that one asks how they differ in their way of looking at society. For it is certain, as remarked above, that Mr. Ruskin finds most of his following in the liberal party. The truth seems to be that the Pope looked upon society, from the point of view of Authority, as in a condition of chronic revolt, and suffering from its disobedience; while Mr. Ruskin's point of view is Truth, and he ascribes the evils of society to insincerity. The Pope stands outside of modern society and condemns it utterly; Mr. Ruskin is himself an active laborer in society, laboring to work a reform from within and in a spirit of sympathy and helpfulness.

As for his political economy, he may be right or he may be wrong—certainly his law of wages does not square with any accepted theory; but he has at any rate seen, what Adam Smith saw clearly but most of his followers forget, that the rigid laws of political economy present only one side of the subject, and that the side of sympathy and a religious sense of accountability is an equally large and far more important factor in the activity of society. The letter on "Employment for the Destitute Poor and Criminal Classes" (vol. ii, p. 131), with the notes that follow, are worth a great many chapters on Labor and Wages in economical treatises.

We will close with a few golden words (vol. ii, p. 148), illustrating his favorite theme that "all art is didactic"—a truth than which none more important can be enunciated in our generation. Speaking of instruction in the elements of Greek art, he says:

"They imagine such elements may be learned from plaster casts of elegant limbs and delicate noses. They will find that Greek art can only be learned from Greek law, and from the religion which gives law of life to all the nations of the earth."

W. F. ALLEN.

SHAKSPERE'S MIND AND ART.*

Those who are acquainted with Professor Dowden's excellent "Shakspeare Primer," published a few years ago by the Appletons, will welcome heartily this appearance of an American edition (from the third English edition) of his more extended study of Shakspeare's Mind and Art. For the appearance of this work on this side the water we are probably indebted to the influence of Mr. W. J. Rolfe, of Cambridge, to whom we already owe a great debt of gratitude for many good things in Shakspeare criticism. Mr. Dowden's position and reputation for scholarship have occasioned high expectations regarding the quality of his work; and these are not disappointed. It is an attempt—the best yet made in English—to construct the character of the poet Shakspeare from his work; to answer for us those questions which we instinctively ask about the personal traits of an author, and which we have so scanty historical details for answering when asked about our prince of poets. Nor can this

* SHAKSPERE: A CRITICAL STUDY OF HIS MIND AND ART. By Edward Dowden, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers.

work be stigmatized, as many attempts of the kind have been, as "sign-post criticism." Although popular in character, it proceeds on the methods of the most exact scholarship. From the creations of the artist we are led to an understanding of his mind, and then back to a study of his works in the light of his character.

Two views of the character of Shakspeare have been held. The more common one regards him as a prudent business man, who "wrote plays about which he did not greatly care, acquired property about which he cared much"; retired to Stratford with a good property and the right to bear the arms of a gentleman; became a prominent burgess of his native town; married his two daughters well, and "died with the happy consciousness of having gained a creditable and substantial position in the world." The other view M. Taine has presented in his brilliant "History of English Literature." According to him, Shakspeare was "an extraordinary species of mind" to whose development "circumstances and externals contributed but little"; a man of "almost superhuman passions"; "a nature poetical, immoral, inspired, superior to reason by the sudden revelation of its seer's passions"; "heedless of conscience"; "sensitive to every touch of pleasure"; "by the mere force of his overflowing imagination he escaped, like Goethe, the perils of an overflowing imagination; in depicting passion, he succeeded, like Goethe, in deadening passion; the fire did not break out in his conduct, because it found issue in his poetry."

With neither of these views does Professor Dowden agree; or, rather, neither is regarded as a complete statement of the fact, although the first contains at least a grain of truth. Shakspeare like all his Elizabethan contemporaries, thought much of the physical basis of life, and considered it worth his while to be prosperous. But in this practical man of business, alive to his own material interests and intensely conscious of the natural ties of life, we have only a partial view of the real Shakspeare. There is another side to his character. He could depict, and therefore undoubtedly knew by personal experience, absolute abandonment and self-surrender to passion and to brooding meditation. Shakspeare lived in two worlds—one limited, practical, positive; the other an ideal world of psychical experiences,

opening into two infinities—an infinite of thought and an infinite of passion. It is not safe too rigidly to interpret Shakspeare's dramatic characters as parts of himself, yet Professor Dowden finds in three of the personages of the plays the elements of the poet's own character. These three are Henry V., Hamlet, and Romeo. Henry V. is the practical man of business, the eminently sane man, with broad and deep convictions as to how the noblest success in life may be achieved. We know that Shakspeare would have tried to live this life had there not been a side to his character which acknowledges a closer affinity to Hamlet than to Henry V. Hamlet's madness Shakspeare in some degree shared. Hamlet broods too intensely over the great problem of existence; he is too metaphysical, too little bound to material interests. Over these same problems Shakspeare brooded; towards this same insanity Shakspeare was inclined; and his brooding, thoughtful nature needed constantly to be checked and controlled by his practical nature. Romeo is an intense nature, impractical and insane in another direction; too much affection has made him lose sight of the practical needs and limitations of life; his is the insanity of passion. Shakspeare was also a man of deep affections and strong passions; he feared that he too might become a Romeo. This problem occupied his mind for years, and found expression in "Romeo and Juliet," at what precise point ought a discreet regard for another soul to check itself and say, "Thus far towards complete union will I advance, but here it is prudent to stop"? And his reply to the problem in regard to the two lovers, Romeo and Juliet, seems to be, "It would have been better if they had surrendered their lives to each other less rapturously, less absolutely."

We must believe that in the main Shakspeare's practical sane self controlled and triumphed over his impractical self. The insanity of passion first came up in his life and was first controlled. "Romeo and Juliet" was published before "Henry V." Afterwards came the insanity of meditation expressed in "Hamlet." Finally, the "Tempest" would lead us to believe that he attained a settled repose of character by conquering the brooding madness as well. Prospero breaks his wand, abandons his magic, and returns to his lost dukedom at Stratford-on-Avon.

Professor Dowden's criticisms of the plays as connected with the growth of the poet's mind and art are especially valuable. Much light is thrown on many points by this method of treatment. By determining the chronology of the plays, and classifying them in relation to the poet's life, his purpose is often made apparent where otherwise we might be left in doubt.

Two or three little matters of interest must be noticed before we take leave of this entertaining volume. It is especially pleasing to find our American critics mentioned by an English authority with that degree of respect to which they are entitled. Along with German and French authorities we noticed quotations from Hudson, Furness, Grant White, Lowell, Emerson, and Whitman. The spelling of the poet's name here adopted, although not the one most common in the editions of the plays published during his lifetime and since, is the one determined upon by Mr. Furnival, from the evidence of the poet's will and other documents, as that used by Shakspeare himself. There has been a fashion in the spelling of our great poet's name as in all other things. At first it set towards Shakespeare, then towards Shakspeare, then towards Shakspeare again; now, finally, a tendency may be noticed towards the spelling recommended by Mr. Furnival and adopted by Professor Dowden. This spelling was also used by Charles Knight in his edition of the poet's works, by the editors of the Leopold "Shakspeare," and by Mrs. Cowden-Clarke in her "Shakspeare Concordance."

What is said on page 368 of Professor Dowden's work concerning the authorship of "Henry VIII.," by which it appears that Shaksperian scholars are pretty well agreed that Fletcher wrote a large part of the play, will lay a new burden of proof on Judge Holmes; for it appears that the passages in this play on which the Judge especially relies as proving that Bacon wrote Shakspeare's works, are in those scenes which Professor Dowden cites as unquestionably Fletcher's. Are we now to have a book proving the Baconian authorship of Fletcher's as well as of Shakspeare's plays? Probably as valid and convincing arguments could be brought forward in support of such a theory as Judge Holmes has adduced in support of his opinion. In fact, we ought to regard it as already settled

by the Judge; for has he not shown that Bacon *did* write Fletcher's parts of "Henry VIII.?"

CLARENCE L. DEAN.

HAMMOND ON SOMNAMBULISM, ETC.*

This is simply a new edition of the author's work on "Spiritualism and Other Causes and Conditions of Nervous Derangement" (1876). He says:

"A book published in 1876 having for the last two years been out of print, I have taken the opportunity afforded by the demand for a new edition—which would long ago have been complied with but for the stress of other engagements—to thoroughly revise the work, and while adding largely to the subjects now considered, to make it more homogeneous by omitting everything specially relating to spiritualism."

In the brief preface from which the above extract is taken, he continues:

"The interesting conditions of which the present volume treats are being very attentively studied both in this country and Europe, and ought to be brought to the knowledge of the general reader. They are the fields upon which the miracle-worker expends his most energetic labor; for he knows something of the forms under which they are manifested, and he also knows that by making adroit use of them he can deceive thousands of innocent but ignorant people to his own advantage and that of any system which requires miracles for its establishment or aggrandizement. As a knowledge of the conditions in question becomes more diffused, the ability to work miracles will be correspondingly diminished; and in the hope of contributing to these ends this little book is written."

Such is the account given by the author himself, of the origin and design of the present work. It is divided into seven chapters, with titles as follows: I. Certain Conditions of Nervous Derangement. II. Some Phases of Hysteria. III. Another Phase of Hysteria. IV. The Hysteroid Affections—Catalepsy, Ecstasy, and Hystero-Epilepsy. V. Stigmatization. VI. Supernatural Cures. VII. Some of the Causes which lead to Sensorial Deception and Delusional Beliefs.

The portion of the work relating to natural and artificial somnambulism is an interesting collection of cases, but with no very serious—or at least successful—attempts to explain the phenomena involved. The author says:

"Now, after this survey of some of the principal

* ON CERTAIN CONDITIONS OF NERVOUS DERANGEMENT, SOMNAMBULISM, HYPNOTISM, HYSTERIA, HYSTEROID AFFECTIONS, ETC. By William A. Hammond, M.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

phenomena of natural and artificial somnambulism, are we able to determine in what their condition essentially consists? I am afraid we shall be obliged to answer this question in the negative, and mainly for the reason that with all the study which has been given to the subject, we are not yet sufficiently well acquainted with the normal functions of the nervous system to be in a position to pronounce with definiteness on their aberrations. Nevertheless, the matter is not one of which we are wholly ignorant. We have some important data upon which to base our investigations into the philosophy of the condition in question, and inquiry, even if leading to erroneous results, at least promotes reflection and discussion, and may in time carry us to absolute truth."

The mind is said by Dr. Hammond to be "a force developed by nervous action." He draws a distinction quite commonly made in classifying mental operations, that is, between those of which the subject is conscious and those of which the subject is unconscious. To this latter, according to Dr. Hammond, the phenomena of somnambulism belong. He says:

"Somnambulism, natural or artificial, appears to be a condition in which consciousness is subordinated to automatism; the subject performs acts of which there is no complete consciousness, and often none at all. Consequently there is little or no recollection. There is diminished activity of those parts of the nervous system which preside over the faculties of the mind, while those which are capable of acting automatically are unduly exalted in power.

"The condition is therefore analogous to sleep; for in all sleep there is in reality something of somnambulism. For the higher mental organs, as the sleep is more or less profound, are more or less removed from the sphere of action, leaving to the others the duty of performing such acts as may be required, or even of initiating others not growing out of the immediate wants of the system. If this quiescent state of the brain is accompanied, as it often is in nervous and excitable persons, by an exalted condition of the spinal cord, we have the higher order of somnambulist phenomena produced, such as walking, or the performance of complex and apparently systematic movements; if the sleep of the brain be somewhat less profound, and the spinal cord less excitable, the somnambulist manifestations do not extend beyond sleep-talking; a still less degree of cerebral inaction and spinal irritability produces simply a restless sleep and a little muttering; and when the sleep is perfectly natural and the nervous system of the individual well balanced, the movements do not extend beyond changing the position of the head and limbs and turning over in bed.

"But the actions of the spinal cord—which is, I conceive, the organ chiefly controlling the mind in somnambulism—are not always automatic in character, as I have endeavored to show in another place.* The motions of frogs and of some other animals

when deprived of their brains exhibit a certain amount of intellection or volition. That they are not more extensive is probably due to the fact that all the organs of the senses, except that of touch, have been removed with the brain, and hence the mechanism for coming into relation with the external world is necessarily diminished.

"In profound somnambulism the whole brain is probably in a state of complete sleep, the spinal cord alone being awake. In partial or incomplete somnambulist conditions, certain of the cerebral ganglia are not entirely inactive, and hence the individual answers questions, exhibits emotions, and is remarkably disposed to be affected by ideas suggested by others. The ability to originate trains of thought exists only in very imperfect somnambulist states." (*P. 30 et seq.*)

I have made this long extract partly because it contains the author's explanation of the curious phenomena of somnambulism, and partly because it contains several partial, and what I regard as erroneous, statements.

I would, first of all, direct attention to the, to say the least, awkward expression in which it is said "Consciousness is subordinated to automatism." "Consciousness" and "automatism" are here put, in fact and by implication, into unnatural and false relations. *Voluntary action*, not "consciousness," is the natural counterpart of "automatism" in the present case. The statement we have just quoted from Dr. Hammond would seem to imply that automatism necessitates the absence of consciousness, or overrides it. But any one who has considered the familiar automatic acts of sneezing and coughing knows better. The somnambulist, even, is often conscious of what he is doing, and within certain narrow limits consciously directs or controls his movements. It is admitted that the contrary seems to be true, as a rule, if we are to judge by the absence of a memory, on the part of the somnambulist, of what he has been doing.

But it is to the description given of the physiology of somnambulism that I would particularly direct the attention of the reader. Dr. Hammond is correct in saying that somnambulism is "analogous to sleep." It is incomplete sleep, from one point of view. It is true also that the brain, as a whole, is in a "quiescent state" during profound sleep. In dreaming, or in somnambulism, the brain is asleep only in parts. In parts it is awake. But this is not Dr. Hammond's view. He says (referring to the state in which the brain is during sleep):

"If this quiescent state of the brain is accom-

* "The Brain not the Sole Organ of Mind."—"Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease," January, 1876.

panied, as it often is in nervous and excitable persons, by an exalted condition of the spinal cord, we have the higher order of somnambulist phenomena produced, such as walking, or the performance of complex and apparently systematic movements," etc. (P. 33.)

Somnambulism depends on "an exalted condition of the spinal cord" while the brain is "quiescent" or in a state of profound rest. The somnambulist is practically in the same condition in which he would be if the brain had been removed, at least so far as the actions performed are concerned. From this view I dissent entirely. In the first place, I do not see by what means, in this case of Dr. Hammond's, the "exalted condition of the spinal cord" is produced. There are just two ways in which such a condition may be brought to pass: either by way of the peripheral (sensitive) nerves, which proceed from all sensitive surfaces and parts of the body to enter the gray matter of the cord and medulla, or by the excitations, which enter this same gray matter by the way of fibres which descend from the brain. So far as is known to nerve physiology, there are no other directions from which excitations can come by which the spinal cord can be aroused to activity. Then it must be remembered that the cord is not a self-acting, self-determining mechanism. It must be excited to action, *ab extra*, or it remains inactive. But if the brain is "quiescent," the excitation to activity cannot come from that source. It certainly does not come by the way of the peripheral nerves directly to the cord, without the intervention of the brain. My own opinion is, that in somnambulism the brain is only in part asleep. Certain portions are awake and in a state of intense activity; and from these excited regions (its cortex) the stimuli pass along fibre-systems which extend from the cerebral cortex down to the motor mechanisms in the spinal cord, through which, in their turn, the muscles are set in action which produce the motions involved in the acts of the somnambulist. To fully discuss this question, however, would require a statement of the modern doctrine of localization of function in the brain, of the singular peculiarities in blood-supply to the brain, and besides, at least the statement of certain facts in regard to the mechanism and modes of action of subordinate parts of the nervous system, for which I have no space in the present brief notice. But all that is known would go to make clear that

limited parts of the brain may be awake and active, while others are asleep; that certain parts of the brain may be in a condition of hyperæmia, and hence active, while others may be at the same time in a state of relative anæmia, and hence of inactivity, as in sleep; finally, that the acts of the somnambulist imperatively require that the spinal cord must be excited from the brain, and hence that it is not in the "quiescent state" asserted by Dr. Hammond.

Dr. Hammond's explanation is not in accord with the facts of somnambulism, nor with those of nerve physiology; in short, it is not correct. The subsequent chapters are very interesting, especially in those parts which are descriptive. From this point of view the book is as exciting as fiction. With the explanations given of the curious phenomena described, I could seldom agree, either as adequate or correct. But the fascinating style of the author, and the interesting and curious histories given make this work one of the most readable with which I have recently met.

J. S. JEWELL.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.*

If Mr. Seward had set out with a strong and simple creed and aimed every blow to its establishment, his book would have been much more effective reading than it is. Suppose he had made "Buyers' Rights" his war-cry, and had battled for consumers' claims as being of equal worth with producers' prerogatives, maintaining that Government has no more right to check a fountain of cheap labor than to plug up a flowing well of petroleum: then his book would have been—what it is not now—very interesting by its own qualities, beside being—what it is—highly worthy of attention from its subject and the facts which it sets forth.

Mr. Seward evidently has no clear theory on political economy, or if he have any he has tried to suppress it in order to keep his aim single to the point of opposing the anti-Chinese movement in politics. He is so anxious to build his house that he neglects the foundation. He is so anxious to protect the Chinese that he fears to antagonize any element not yet pronounced against them. Espe-

* CHINESE IMMIGRATION, IN ITS SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL ASPECTS. By George F. Seward, late United States Minister to China. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

cially does he carefully avoid giving offense to those who believe in what is called "protection to American industry," and in fact goes so far as to profess that doctrine himself (page 194), which note of course makes a discord with any defense of "Chinese cheap labor."

Weighted with these difficulties, our author first toils effectually to show that Mongolian labor has been, is, and may yet be of incalculable advantage to the region where it is available, and next hastens to prove that it does not and can not amount to much after all. He apologizes where he might better fight. He pleads earnestly that the things charged against John Chinaman are not so dreadfully bad after all—that he does not cheapen wages very much—that he does not turn his hand to every branch of labor which is crying aloud for help—that he does not save and send home any great proportion of the wages fund which his white rivals would spend in drink—that he is not coming over in such numbers as need give us much fear (or hope) regarding the quantity and quality of our hired help during this and the next generation.

From this it will appear that Mr. Seward's gun is the fowling-piece rather than the rifle, and scatters a good deal. But this criticism only applies to about one-half the book. The other half—or nearly half—is of the greatest value; for it is entirely made up of well-selected extracts from testimony given before the Congressional Commissions and from other sources. Here for the first time the vast mass of these documents has been digested and brought within public reach in an available form. Both sides of the moot questions are presented, and the whole is of the greatest interest and value. Every one should read it.

Mr. Seward's object being to deprecate hostility to the Chinese in America, he argues in favor of that object with much persuasive force. As an appeal to every principle of justice, humanity, and philanthropy, his pleading is irresistible. He begins by showing that the grossest falsehoods and libels have been uttered by those opposed to the immigration. This he does by comparing their utterances with proven facts. In 1876 an address to Congress, endorsed by the Governor of California and the Mayor of San Francisco, set forth that there were 200,000 Chinese in the

State and 75,000 in the city; and the counsel employed to present the anti-Chinese memorial to Congress represented that the increase during that year had been 18,000 and that the ratio of this increase was annually augmenting. And Senator Sargent said in 1879 that there were more Chinamen than there were voters in California, and that they were increasing enormously year by year and month by month. One year later comes along the United States census of 1880, which demonstrates that there were even then only 105,000 Mongolians in the whole United States; only 75,000 in California, and only 22,000 in San Francisco, against a total population in the State of 827,000 and an actual vote of 165,000. This absurd bugbear, thus summarily disposed of, was constructed for party purposes, and does not deserve great attention, except as showing the animus of the "anti-coolie" movement, and as throwing discredit on all the wild talk of the Sand-Lot shriekers.

The most valuable and convincing part of Mr. Seward's book is that giving an account of the vast achievements of Chinese labor in California—the building of railways, the reclamation of swamp lands, and the making possible the manufacture of many and various articles of necessary use, which manufacture was quite impossible under the system of employing scanty, lazy, unstable, freakish, intractable, dissipated, "white" labor.

One of the witnesses before the Congressional Commission goes so far as to say: "In my opinion, the aggregate product of the wealth produced by Chinamen is equal to our mines, including the mines of Nevada and Dakota. Probably they produce sixty, eighty, or ninety millions a year in wealth." By this he doubtless means that the railways built and lands reclaimed by Chinese labor make possible the production of such values—not that 100,000 Chinamen absolutely produce and deliver \$600, \$800, or \$900 each, as net output of their toil.

The most graphic and thrilling part of the book is the portion where the author gives, with studied moderation, the narrative of the cruelties, outrages, and indignities heaped upon the childish strangers. The villainies practiced against them under the name of law, and the crimes committed against them outside of law, are enough to make the blood

boil. Among the former may be classed the tax of four dollars a month levied upon Chinese miners (and them only), and collected, with violence, terror, and torture, from defenseless and unresisting workers in places too poor for "white" men to operate. Among the latter offenses we commend the terrible account on page 41. A company of Chinese purchased some claims, turned a stream, formed a quiet settlement, spent a large amount of money, and met with well-earned success. One dark night seven armed white men attacked the Chinese with fire-arms and drove them away, plundered the stores, burned all the buildings, and squatted on the spot as proprietors of the whole claim by right of possession. Legal proceedings were tried by some white friends; but as the laws of California do not allow a Chinaman to testify in court, they failed—the assailants remained in possession of the property, and the original workers were forced to depart, beggared and in debt.

Regarding the non-intercourse between the Chinese lion and the California lamb, there can be no doubt that it exists. They do not lie down together except in the cases where the lamb, having eaten the lion, proceeds to digest him. But the question remains, Why does the repulsion exist, and to which party is it chargeable? In answer to this, Mr. Seward quotes at length some most humane, gentle, deprecatory words of a Chinese gentleman long resident in California, showing a disposition which may be called (ironically or otherwise) truly Christian. Here are some quotations which sum up his conclusions:

"But if the religion of Jesus really teaches the fear of Heaven, how does it come that the people of your honorable country trample upon and hate the race which Heaven loves, the Chinese? Should not this be called rebellion against Heaven? And how is it possible to receive this as the religion of Heaven? * * * We affirm that the people of your honorable country dislike the Chinese because they see the plain appearance and the patched clothes of our poor, and do not think how many among us they could respect and love. * * * Now why is it that when our people come to your country, instead of being welcomed with respect and kindness, they are, on the contrary, treated with contempt and evil? It happens even that many lose their lives at the hands of lawless wretches. Yet, although there are Chinese witnesses of crime, their testimony is rejected. * * * Now, what injury have we Chinese done to your honorable people that they should thus turn upon

us and make us drink the cup of wrong even to its last poisonous dregs?"

As Mr. Seward says regarding this, "We hold them at arm's length and then throttle them because they will not approach nearer to us."

Now, turning from San Francisco, which seems to be decidedly anti-Chinese, to Chicago, which has as yet given no sign of any settled convictions regarding the matter, we will take the liberty of supplementing Mr. Seward's narratives with the story of a tragedy which happened to be personally observed by the writer of this article, and which will remind some readers of the story of Inkle and Yarico, told by Steele in the "Spectator."

Mong Fong was a Chinaman who came some years ago to Chicago, where (in 1876) I became acquainted with him as a witness in a law case. He was a tall, fine-looking fellow, and had sacrificed his pig-tail, and in fact had adopted American dress and manners as far as he could; probably fondly imagining that no one could distinguish him from men not Mongolians. At that time he was employed by a well-known manufacturing firm, and had, by industry, honesty, intelligence, and thrift, worked his way up into a position of some trust. He had also obtained some education, and wrote his name for me both in Chinese and English, which autograph I have now before me. He evidently had some of the best and brightest attributes of manliness in him. Mong Fong fell in love with an American woman, and was accepted by her (whether in joke or earnest I know not), and the day was set for their marriage. The poor fellow boasted of his happiness, and, after the manner of his own country, made sundry presents to his friends and fellow-workmen, and invited them to the wedding feast. The day came, and the hour came and passed, but the promised bride did not come. Either her friends had laughed or scared her out of the idea, or else she had all along been accepting the stranger's presents and attentions only by way of a joke. However this may have been, it was no joke for the luckless Mong Fong. He could not bear to face the disappointment and the ridicule to which his mistake must expose him. He went to his lonely room, locked his door, lay down on his bed, and shot himself. A mound in the Potter's Field was his only monument, and a jocular

paragraph in next morning's papers his only epitaph.

So went out his gentle, inoffensive, hopeful, useful life. He had cut himself loose from the civilization to which he was born, had grasped at that which he thought to be stronger and better, only to find that his outstretched hand was beaten back with a cruel blow; for the "white" race would have none of him.

His efforts and their result seem to me a touching illustration of the whole matter of Chinese immigration.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

MR. WHITTIER'S NEW VOLUME.*

A recent biographer of Wordsworth points out that all of that poet's best pieces were produced within a period of about twenty years; after which period, though he continued to write nearly to the end of his life, it was with a "stiffening brain," producing verses from which it was sadly evident the inspiration had departed. Wordsworth's orderly and quiet life, protracted to the age of eighty, furnishes a wholesome contrast to those feverish contemporaries among whom it was the fashion for a poet to be an old man at thirty; yet in the early lapse of his poetic powers (though we think this somewhat overstated by his biographer) there is a painful contrast to the surprising instances of poetic rejuvenescence shown in our day by the poets of France, England, and America. Bryant performed some of his most arduous and successful literary work in the last of his eight decades; the aged Victor Hugo continues to produce poems worthy of his great genius; there are no signs of feebleness or of "stiffening brain" in the later volumes of Longfellow, Holmes, Tennyson, or in the more recent one of Whittier that so worthily completes the collections which the past few months have given us from the most venerated living poets of our tongue. It is a scantiness of quantity, more than any falling off in quality, that hints of advancing years. In the one hundred pages of Mr. Whittier's new volume, there are but eighteen short pieces, besides a few Sonnets, Inscriptions, Oriental Maxims, etc. Many of these poems are familiar to the readers of the "Atlantic Monthly";

but several of them are new, and those which are not new are invested with a fresh interest by their appearance in this collection. The one which gives it its title, "The King's Missive," is a ballad, originally written for Os-good's "Memorial History of Boston," describing a memorable incident in the annals of that city—the release of the Quakers confined in Boston jail by Governor Endicott, to whom the King's order or missive was brought by Samuel Shattuck, a banished Quaker, and the interview between Shattuck and the Governor in the latter's residence. The ballad is given with much force, and with that fine spirit of mingled wrathfulness and forgiveness which marks the Quaker poet's treatment of such themes. "St. Martin's Summer" (the name given in some parts of Europe to our season of Indian Summer) has the perfect sweetness and the pensiveness of tone which are largely the secret of the poet's hold on our affections. This poem suggests, though only by resemblance, not by imitation, the one which Whittier wrote on his Fiftieth Birthday; but even the latter has nothing more melodious than these stanzas:

"My autumn time and Nature's hold
A dreamy tryst together,
And, both grown old, about us fold
The golden-tissued weather.

"I lean my heart against the day,
To feel its bland caressing;
I will not let it pass away
Before it leaves its blessing.

"O stream of life, whose swifter flow
Is of the end forewarning,
Methinks thy sundown afterglow
Seems less of night than morning!

"Old cares grow light; aside I lay
The doubts and fears that troubled;
The quiet of the happy day
Within my soul is doubled."

In Whittier, poetic sweetness and Quaker mildness soften the stern temper which so often breaks out, like the holy wrath of some old Hebrew prophet, in denunciation of wrongdoing, and which flamed so fiercely in his anti-slavery poems. To these qualities must be added, when the time shall have come for any complete survey, a vein of mysticism, a tendency to religious and spiritual themes, which might well excuse the Pythagorean fancy that our homely Yankee poet had preëxisted as a philosopher among the Hindoos or as a devout student of their beautiful and mystic teachings. In the present volume, "The Dead Feast of the Kol-Folk" is Indian in spirit as

* THE KING'S MISSIVE, AND OTHER POEMS. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

in subject; and the sonnets and paraphrases of Sanscrit translations are further examples of the tendency which we have noted. "My Trust" and "The Minister's Daughter" are religious in character, but the motive of the latter piece borders almost too closely upon theologies to make it a happy subject for that purely poetical treatment of religious themes in which Mr. Whittier excels. In "The Khan's Devil," a simple Oriental legend becomes a very forcible modern temperance story. "The Emancipation Group" and "The Jubilee Singers" have something of the old anti-slavery ring, but with the undertone of bitterness and strife changed to one of peace and triumph. The lines to Bayard Taylor, to Garrison, to Lydia Maria Child ("Within the Gate"), and to Dr. Holmes ("Our Autocrat") are full of tender feeling strongly and poetically expressed. But best of all the pieces whose subjects are personal, if not the best piece of poetry in the book, is the majestic threnody on Webster, "The Lost Occasion." It has a sustained strength, a noble dignity, worthy of its subject—

"New England's stateliest type of man,
In port and speech Olympian,

With powers reserved at need to reach
The Roman forum's loftiest speech,

And failing only when they tried
The adamant of the righteous side,"—

a striking picture of the grand character whom the poet laments:

"Thou, foiled in aim and hope, bereaved
Of old friends, by the new deceived,
Too soon for us, too soon for thee,
Beside thy lonely Northern sea,
Where long and low the marsh-lands spread,
Laid wearily down thy august head.

Above that grave the east winds blow,
And from the marsh-lands drifting slow
The sea-fog comes, with evermore
The wave-wash of a lonely shore.

But where thy native mountains bare
Their foreheads to diviner air,
Fit emblem of enduring fame,
One lofty summit keeps thy name.
For thee the cosmic forces did
The rearing of that pyramid,
The prescient ages shaping with
Fire, flood, and frost thy monolith;
Sunrise and sunset lay thereon
With hands of light their benison;
The stars of midnight pause to set
Their jewels in its coronet."

Mr. Whittier's writings have never shown him to be the possessor of a great amount of humor, and there is but little of it in the piece called "Abram Morrison"; though a certain

quaintness of expression and deft descriptive touches redeem it from the commonplace, to which it would descend if it depended on that element. Many of the poet's admirers will regret that he should have thought it necessary to include in this collection the "Voyage of the Jettie," which has, besides such slips as the rhyming of "parcel" with "vessel" and "venture" with "enter," a generally unfinished air which is at variance with the otherwise high artistic character of the work. It appears from a note, however, that the piece was improvised; and all will respect the grounds of the author's personal interest in it. There is a finely-executed steel portrait of the poet, excellent but for what seems a slight shade of coldness absent from his photographs; and this portrait, with the kindliness and tenderness of the brief but touching Prelude, will give the book a genuine personal interest to thousands of unseen friends to whom he says:

"I spread a scanty board too late;
The old-time guests for whom I wait
Come few and slow, methinks, to-day.
Ah! who could hear my messages
Across the dim unsounded seas
On which so many have sailed away!

"Come, then, old friends, who linger yet,
And let us meet, as we have met,
Once more beneath this low sunshine;
And grateful for the good we've known,
The riddles solved, the ills outgrown,
Shake hands upon the border-line.

"And ye, O younger friends, for whom
My hearth and heart keep open room,
Come smiling through the shadows long,
Be with me while the sun goes down,
And with your cheerful voices drown
The minor of my even-song."

FRANCIS F. BROWNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Few cultivated people are insensible to the advantages of a familiarity with English literature and to the desirability of its study by young people. Probably no other single branch of what is called an English education is the source at once of so much real culture and such universally recognized accomplishments. It is mainly the fault of writers upon this subject that what should be to young people of any native sensibility the most delightful of all studies is, in most cases, peculiarly hard and repulsive. Dates, names, titles of unfamiliar and unimportant works, dry combinations of biographical dictionaries and bibliographical catalogues, have been substituted for those more natural and genial methods by which the student is led from an awakened interest in a particular piece or fragment of an author to an increasing knowledge of his works, a gradual survey of the whole field of our

literature, and an ultimate exploration of the field in detail. The first treatment should, of course, be descriptive and expository; purely critical and philosophical treatises, like that of M. Taine, are only useful farther on. To this day, the best complete hand-book for general use is probably that of Professor Shaw; but much of it needs to be re-written in the light of more recent criticism and research, and its character limits it mainly to advanced readers. For young students, Abby Sage Richardson's "Familiar Talks on English Literature" (Jansen, McClurg & Co.) serves a most useful purpose. It is "a manual embracing the great epochs of English literature from the English conquest of Britain, 449, to the death of Walter Scott, 1832." The "talks" are given in an easy and familiar style, with frequent illustrative citations from authors under discussion, and such leading facts concerning their lives as may aid in interpreting their genius and determining their position. The dates of births and deaths are given in the margin, where they best serve their purposes of reference without diverting attention from the narrative. To awaken an interest in the great works of our literature, rather than to pronounce judgment upon them, has evidently been the object of the author; but some general estimates are, of course, called for, and these are in the main judicious and well-founded. The amount of space to be given to various authors, and the selections to be made from their works, are doubtless matters upon which no two compilers could be expected to agree. It would undoubtedly have struck Carlyle as very odd that but two dozen lines should be given to Burns, while twice as many are given to John Gay, nearly three times as many to John Lyly, and more than four times as many to Tom Moore. The selections of characteristic pieces from Burns, too, are curiously contrasted by Taine's declaration that "The Jolly Beggars" is his masterpiece. But these are matters on which there is no end to differences of taste; and critical estimates, as we have said, are not the purposes of this volume. Its value as a compendium is increased by an appendix giving specimens from early English writers with translations, and also lists of Bible translations, of the Poets Laureate, and of Shakspeare's plays and Scott's novels in chronological order. There is also a very full and convenient index.

HARDLY any period of history is better suited to treatment as an "Epoch" than that of Frederick the Great, forming, as it does, a distinct transition between two periods so widely contrasted as those of Louis XIV. and the French Revolution. The career of Frederick the Great almost precisely fills up this gap, while in the field of thought and literature it nearly coincides with the age of Rousseau and Voltaire, which prepared the way for the great revolutionary epoch. Moreover, while the chief interest centers around the great sovereign himself, yet the events of his reign lead necessarily to the consideration of events so widely separated as Braddock's defeat and the battle of Plassey. Mr. Longman's treatise, like all the books of this series of "Epochs of Modern History" (Charles Scribner's Sons), is both

interesting and accurate. It is illustrated with excellent maps and plans of the most important battle fields; and—a point of the first importance in this reign—the military history is well and clearly narrated. The real grounds of justification for the invasion of Silesia are very well stated, while the King is noways excused for his bad faith and unscrupulousness. His share in the partition of Poland is heartily condemned, but not, we think, made sufficiently conspicuous. Catherine was bad enough, but Frederick is admitted to have been the chief instigator of that transaction.

THE growing tendency which readers of "Ouida" have noticed in her books toward moralizing on the motives and passions which govern and move humanity is shown most strongly in her latest work, "A Village Commune," just published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It has no plot, and shows but little of her dramatic force. It reads like a history; and seems to need only exact location to be the annals of an oppressed and down-trodden people. The author has made a thorough study of Italian character, particularly among the poorer classes. The characters of the story are apparently drawn from life; and if they are not real flesh and blood, they are certainly not automata. The reader feels all the sympathy for the sufferings of "Carmelo" and "Viola" that would be possible in the case of actual people. The book is quite free from what is most objectionable in many of the author's works, and is pervaded by that kindly feeling for poor humanity and for helpless brute-life that has made her "Dog of Flanders" one of the most pathetic sketches in our language. Clearly the book is written with a motive, and one which the writer has much at heart. She says in her appendix: "I cannot think to make you care for these people as I care for them—I, who know that they see their radiant sun forever through a mist of tears; who know that their hard-won bread is eaten with the gall of fear and oppression tainting the sour crust. * * I want people to get these facts I have narrated well into their minds. * * I know the Italian people well; I mean the poor and laboring people; I am attached to them for their loveliness, their infinite natural intelligence, their wondrous patience; they are a material of which much might be made."

THE "Servant-girl question," which male cynics have asserted forms the regular subject of conversation among nine-tenths of American women who are housekeepers, is becoming also the subject of their literary ventures. It is a topic on which they have no lack of something to say—as is evidenced by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford's volume, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The sufferings of ladies who are obliged to employ "help" are bemoaned with a poignancy which that class will no doubt freely commend; but the discussion of a remedy is naturally a subject of much more practical importance. The three suggestions under this head are not specially new, but are perhaps the best that this vexing question can afford. The training-school plan,

while it would doubtless result in the increased efficiency of a few servants, would not remedy the insufficient supply which seems to be the evil most complained of. To make service more alluring by more considerate treatment is certainly commendable, but would no more affect the real trouble in the case, since it is as certain as anything can be that no young girl—much less an American girl—will in our day “work out” if she can help it, no matter how spiritualizing and delicate may be the attentions heaped upon her. The suggestion to call John Chinaman to the rescue is the one of most practical force; and if Mrs. Spofford can only devise some feasible method of carrying it into execution, she will do more to solve the problem than can be accomplished by any amount of lamentation.

In speaking of a little book called “New England Bygones” a few months ago, *THE DIAL* suggested that the author of those sketches—“E. H. Arr”—ought to give us more from the same field. This she has since done, in “Old-Time Child-Life,” published by J. B. Lippincott & Co. All readers who recall a New England childhood will find it, we think, a delightful little volume. The sketches have a charming freshness and naturalness, and carry one back to old-time scenes as does the perfume of some sweet old-fashioned flower. “E. H. Arr,” we have already mentioned, are the initials of Mrs. E. A. Rollins, of Philadelphia.

THE author of “Browsing Among Books,” Abba Gould Woolson, has collected a small volume of essays and sketches, the one mentioned forming the title of the book. They are written in a sprightly, polished style, and have a wide range of subjects—from “Cats” and “Duds” to “Our Modern Winters” and “Good-Will towards Men.” The essay on Books—a subject, one would think, already pretty thoroughly browsed over—has more freshness than might have been supposed from the title. The “Evening’s Adventure at the Deacon House” is an exciting sketch—perhaps the best in the book; though the account of “Taking a Turkish Bath,” in a different vein, is cleverly written. The work is published by Roberta Brothers.

MR. GEO. H. ELLIS has recently published in book form the lectures on “The Duties of Woman,” delivered in London last winter by Miss Frances Power Cobbe, a distinguished English philosophic and philanthropic writer and lecturer. The present volume is evidently a contribution to the “woman’s movement,” with which Miss Cobbe is prominently identified. She is, however, no rash “reformer,” but rather a calm and philosophic thinker, with a healthful conservatism underlying her views of woman’s rights and duties. These lectures have many wise and thoughtful passages, and may be read with profit by all women, whether they sympathize with the “movement” in their behalf or not.

THE “Longfellow Birthday Book” which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just issued has a very fine

new portrait of Mr. Longfellow in profile, and a general neatness and attractiveness which entitle it to become a favorite birthday gift-book. There is a characteristic extract for each day in the year, with a longer passage and a dainty engraving at the beginning of each month. The binding is especially tasteful.

UNDER the somewhat lurid title of “Glimpses through the Cannon-Smoke,” J. R. Osgood & Co. have issued a collection of sketches, sixteen in number, by Mr. Archibald Forbes, the somewhat famous war-correspondent of the London press. Most of the sketches have been printed in newspapers, but their spirited style gives them in collected form a certain interest for those fond of tales of war and danger—though not all the pieces are of a military character.

A BOOK of a spicy anecdotal character has just been published by D. Lothrop & Co. with the title “Chips from the White House.” It is made up of selections from the speeches, conversations, diaries, letters, and other writings of all the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to (and including) Garfield. Rev. J. Chaplin is the compiler of the work.

CONTRIBUTORS’ NOTES.

AN UNPARDONABLE LITERARY SIN.

It is not plagiarism that I mean, but an evil more serious because infinitely more common. The plagiarist is contemptible enough, but he does little real harm to anyone but himself. He is a fraud certain to be detected, a thief who can never escape with his stolen goods. His crime carries with it his inevitable exposure and punishment. But a literary borrower who has not brains enough nor conscience enough to use what he borrows without mutilating it, is a greater curse to his victims than a downright literary thief. The latter makes one suffer the negative injustice of being deprived of a portion of the credit of having said something; the former makes one appear to say things he never said, and never wished to say, and would revolt from saying. Most authors are sensitive as to the treatment of their literary children. Like the anxious mother before King Solomon, they would sooner renounce all claim to their progeny than see them hacked to pieces. And they have a right to be sensitive. They are the accommodating party; and the person who borrows their language assumes all risk of protecting what he borrows from injury at his hands. To change a syllable or a letter or a comma even, in a quotation, is an outrage. What, then, shall we think of those who change whole words and phrases—even in poetry, where to knock out a word is often as ruinous as to throw a hammer through a window! The prevalence of this sort of ruthlessness passes the belief of those not accustomed to noticing it. From a tolerable familiarity with books as they appear, I assert that garbling is the rule, and correct quotation the exception. It is not confined, either, to “trashy” works; many of the better class of books are simply

shocking in this respect. Opening a fresh work on English literature, I find gross errors in nearly every quotation with which I am most familiar. Words are left out, or others substituted for them, with the most frightful consequences to both sense and rhythm. In some cases a rhyming word is broken off from its place at the end of a line and made to crowd itself into the beginning of the next one. And this in quotations from the best pieces of standard English poets—and in a pretentious and otherwise excellent work on English literature. Opening another fine-looking book, fresh from the press, I find, on the very first page I look at, one of the most familiar lines of "Locksley Hall," with its words changed and its back broken in this way:

"Better half a year of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay."

And this, we are calmly informed, is what "one might say with Emerson"! The author of a bright little book just published, who is said to be "one of the most brilliant of American writers," wishing to quote a couple of well-known lines, guesses at them in this reckless fashion:

"Who sweeps a floor as to God's praise
Makes that and the action fine" —

a mutilation of the structure as well as sense of the poem which can be appreciated only by restoring the complete stanza as "holy George Herbert" wrote it:

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine;
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

These instances are no worse than innumerable others within my observation. I venture the statement that the cause is in every case the same: laziness and shiftlessness on the part of the quoter. It is an offense for which no excuse can be received. A writer who is too inert to take the trouble to verify a quotation has no business to make one. I am not speaking, of course, of disputed versions—in which cases it is sufficient to quote the rendering most approved. It will not do to throw the blame on printers or proof-readers; these have sins enough of their own to bear. The responsibility must rest alone with the one who quotes. The public should treat these offenses more seriously. If it may raise a hue-and-cry of "Stop thief!" over a petty literary larceny, why should it not rebuke these more frequent acts of lawlessness by making them in common esteem, as they are in every moral sense, an unpardonable sin in literature?

A SOUTHERN WOMAN'S VIEWS OF MR. CABLE'S
"GRANDISSIMES."

Oh, how I do long to see some *knowing* critic handle Mr. Cable for his travesty of Creole life! It is as unreal as poor Chatterton's forgeries, and without his genius; and the jargon he puts into the mouths of his characters is a language that neither man nor woman in Louisiana has ever heard or spoken. There is one scene—the murder of Clemence in the swamp—which is dramatic and full of weird effects; but it is a fancy picture. We have ruffians in

Louisiana, but young men of good families and culture do not haul old negro women—family servants, too—into a swamp to hang them for practicing Voodoo rites. Nor are our white women such arrant idiots as to believe in and practice these rites, or to make such consummate fools of themselves at all times that you long to box their ears. Now, Judge Tourgee's "Fool's Errand" is full of unpalatable truths; and though we wince a little, we read them, and enjoy the brilliancy and logic of the book. But Mr. Cable's book has no such literary or artistic merit, and as a chronicle of the times he writes of, it is utterly untrustworthy. We can stand a deal of dignified fault-finding; but when a novel-writer clothes us in motley rags, stands us on our heads in impossible positions, and gives us a vernacular that a Fiji islander would be ashamed to utter, we stand in breathless amazement, and ask who and what he is writing about. We can't protest, for there is not truth enough in the pictures to protest against its distortion. We don't wince at the sarcasm, because it is pointless. Our only feeling is one of amazement that the Northern public can really believe such people as the Grandissimes and Nancanous were indigenous to the soil of Louisiana in those days or in any days. We have read some criticisms on the South which made us feel like the little old woman in the ballad, whose petticoats the peddler "cut above the knee." When the doggies barked at us we have felt like saying "This is not I;" yet all the while we were conscious of our own identity. But *this* peddler has put up a stuffed figure that belongs to nothing under heaven or on earth, in spite of the label on its forehead.

AUTHORS AS PUBLISHERS OF THEIR OWN BOOKS.

As an author of modest accomplishments but unlimited prospects, whose chief drawback is the difficulty of securing the coöperation of publishers, I am keenly interested in the advice Mark Twain gives to authors and in the statement of his own experience in authorship. He has made, he says, from his books \$125,000; but this sum ought to be much larger; he "had just now discovered that he had printed his books on a false basis—that he ought to have published the books himself, and paid his publishers a percentage for selling them, instead of letting them pay him a percentage for writing them. He said he had written a novel, and was preparing the plates himself, and meant to put it out by hiring the publishers, instead of being hired; and that all writers ought to take that position—that the book-publisher was the hireling, and not the author; and thus many of our young men, who have written well and hard, would have been in independent circumstances long ago." Now this is something like! I have always felt that the treatment of authors—especially young authors—by publishers, was arbitrary and discouraging; and their division of the proceeds from sales—ten per cent to the author and ninety per cent to themselves—is, to say the least, exceedingly illiberal. The proposition to reverse all this and make the publisher the "hireling" is certainly an agreeable one to contemplate. But a prac-

tical difficulty exists in my case, which may not have occurred to Mark. How expensive is it, I would like to ask him, to "hire a publisher"? (I sincerely trust this phrase may not come to be applied to aspiring authors in the odious sense in which the recommendation to "hire a hall" is applied to ambitious orators.) And what if I have not the means to do this? To a rich man like Mark Twain, it may be an easy thing to publish one's own books and pay one's hired publisher a percentage for selling them; but what is one to do who is not, like him, a capitalist? No one has more desire than I, whose MSS. have been persistently rejected, for desiring to reduce publishers to that "hireling" state which should be their true relation to men of genius; and if Mark Twain can suggest practicable methods for bringing this about, he will deserve to be forever the patron-saint of all literary workers. Why can he not found a guild or association on the cooperative plan, the profits from books to go into a common fund, and thus some show be given to young and struggling writers? His own books are so successful that a splendid start could be made with them; and the elimination of all publishers except in a hireling capacity would not only be soothing to those who, like myself, have suffered from their cold inappreciation, but would, as he has so clearly shown, place us all "in independent circumstances" speedily.

WALT WHITMAN'S "POETRY OF THE FUTURE."

"Meanwhile, democracy waits the coming of its bards in silence and in twilight; but 'tis the twilight of the dawn." So concludes Walt Whitman in his "Poetry of the Future," after arguing that America has produced nothing original, nothing but imitation. Our poetry must be more virile, deal more intimately with nature, with democracy, with passion; but most of all, our poetry must be "autochthonous," must seek a new form of expression peculiarly our own,—must have less of the "surface melody" than the "poetry of feudalism." Perhaps if all these propositions were expressed in a little clearer English we might be more inclined to agree with them; but coming from Whitman, and expressed in his peculiar manner, they remind us too strongly of his own endeavor to produce "autochthonous" poems. He became tired of the surface melody of standard English rhythm and tried to produce "poetry of the future" clad in new form, and with results not wholly pleasing to most trained (or untrained) ears. To be sure, the form of his poems, on careful examination, was found to be not entirely new; both Blake and Tupper (alas, poor Tupper!) had endeavored to rescue from forgetfulness the dithyrambs of the Hebrew bards. Their success was not peculiarly flattering, for most English-speaking people cling tenaciously to the idea that poets who use the English language must observe its laws, grammatical and rhythmical. We don't subscribe to the opinion that "Whitman is one of the greatest men, if not the very greatest man, that the world has so far produced." We don't believe that he has struck a note any more perfect or nearer to the poetry of the future than some other American poets. We cannot regard the sweet melody of Long-

fellow as inferior to his, or more servilely imitative. In love of nature and truthfulness of description, we think Bryant worthy at least to stand beside any American; indeed, we sometimes fancy that Bryant will yet be regarded as the typical American. The intense humanity of Whittier would seem to be democratic enough. In short, so long as Americans speak and write English, is it not nonsense to talk of their freeing themselves from the laws which govern English poetical form, and the traditions which shape English poetical thought? Growth we may look for; revolution we do not expect and do not desire.

A POINT IN THE SHAKESPEARE CONTROVERSY.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke's article in the February "North American Review," on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, "Did Shakespeare write Bacon's Works?" (which, by the way, is an admirable carrying of the war into Africa, and puts the partisans of Bacon *vs.* Shakespeare fairly on the defensive) suggests a reply to one of the arguments for the Baconian origin of the plays not mentioned there. In his work on the "Authorship of Shakespeare," Judge Holmes lays considerable stress on the fact that Bacon, who knew all the literary men of the day, and was fond of quoting them, nowhere mentions Shakespeare. This silence is made to appear significant in connection with a theory that Bacon supplied the dramatist with his plays, and therefore knew him to be an imposter. This argument might seem to have some weight; but an examination of Bacon's complete works (American reprint of Basil Montagu's edition) shows that Shakespeare was not the only literary man of his day thus slighted. The three men who, next to Shakespeare, were the most prominent in literature, and whose names we should most expect to find mentioned by a contemporary, are Marlowe, Spenser, and Ben Jonson. Not once does the name of either appear, although Jonson is said to have been a particular friend of Bacon. The fact is, Bacon had especial reasons for quoting the sayings and opinions of his friend Raleigh, and has preserved for us many interesting facts about him. But to make capital out of the omission of Shakespeare's name is going rather farther than the facts will warrant.

A HINT TO PUBLISHERS.

I wish to give all book publishers fair warning that one of the first things I intend to do when I become autocrat of this globe is to reform their method of announcing new publications. Under my improved system, "Now ready," "Just issued," and similar announcements, when placed at the top of an advertisement of a new book, will mean that the book is actually published and ready for sale, and that if I want it I can get it at the bookstore. At present they appear to mean that the book is in contemplation, or is under way, or is expected soon, and that if I persist in my efforts I may, after badgering the clerks for a month or a fortnight, be able to get hold of it. This is supposed to be a notion many publishers have of "working up an interest" in their books; but it might be more correctly called

working up an irritation among clerks and buyers. In my new empire, clearer distinctions will be made between the actual and the possible or probable, in matters of this kind. When books are advertised as ready they shall be ready "for a fact"; and until they are, publishers must be contented with announcing them as something they intend to publish, or expect to publish, or hope to publish, in the near or remote future.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

PRIZES amounting to \$1,500 are offered by D. Lothrop & Co. for designs for book covers and illustrations.

THE second part of Metternich's *Memoirs*—Vols. III. and IV.—is announced as just ready, by Charles Scribner's Sons.

In a prefatory note to "The New Nobility," Mr. Forney concedes a good share of the authorship of the novel to Mr. W. M. Baker.

W. M. GRISWOLD is the very respectable name hidden under the pseudonym of "Q. P. Index," index-maker, of Bangor, Maine.

THE award of prizes for designs for Prang's Christmas cards is: Mr. Vedder, \$1,000; Miss Wheeler, \$500; Mr. Coleman, \$500; Miss Emmett, \$200.

THE "Longfellow number" of the Boston "Literary World" (Feb. 20th) contains a portrait of the poet and some genial papers on his life and works.

THE DIAL is glad to welcome its younger and promising New York contemporary, "The Critic," and to give it a kindly pat of encouragement for its handsome appearance and good bearing.

HENRY HOLT & Co. have become the American publishers of Fyffe's "History of Modern Europe," of which the first volume has appeared and the second volume will be brought out next Fall.

AN important new series is announced by Cassell, Petter & Galpin, to be known as "Cassell's Popular Library." It will commence with Mongredien's "History of the Free-Trade Movement in England."

H. A. SUMNER & Co. have just issued "Problems of Creation" and "Mysteries of the Head and Heart Explained," both by J. Stanley Grimes. The same firm will publish early in April a new novel by Mrs. Walter Root Burns.

PROF. R. B. ANDERSON, of the University of Wisconsin, is writing a biography of his friend and countryman Ole Bull; and is also preparing an English edition of the works of Björnstjerne Björnson, for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

A RECENT article on Poe, in the London "Saturday Review," calls him "the one poet of really original poetical talent whom the United States have produced," and says that "as time goes on, Poe's literary merit will be more and more, not less and less, recognized."

THE "Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle," to be published immediately by Charles Scribner's Sons, will contain the papers, correspondence, and other materials which before his death Mr. Carlyle placed

in the hands of Mr. James Anthony Froude, and which give the work something of the character of an autobiography.

THE "Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease," heretofore published in Chicago, will be issued hereafter by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Drs. Jewell and Bannister and their associates remaining in editorial charge. The first number under the new arrangement appears in improved dress; and the magazine is now one of the handsomest, as it has long been one of the ablest, of scientific publications. Messrs. Putnam's Sons are to be congratulated on their acquisition of this substantial and scholarly quarterly.

MR. HOWELLS's retirement from the editorship of the "Atlantic Monthly"—a position which seemed as happily fitted for him as he for it—suggests on his part a consciousness of growth and of the maturity of his powers. A literary prospect must be very bright indeed to tempt a man yet young to renounce a post of so much influence and honor. But we have little doubt that Mr. Howells has acted wisely in abandoning it. However creditably he has performed his editorial duties, such duties are but drudgery, and must become in time a hindrance to the best powers of a man capable of so good original work as Mr. Howells has produced. The "Atlantic" has had but few editorial changes—Mr. F. H. Underwood and Mr. J. T. Fields being the only predecessors of Mr. Howells; and the question of succession is of course the one of chief interest to the public. Mr. Aldrich, who is understood to have inherited the place, has good qualifications of taste, ability, and experience.

PROF. MOSES COIT TYLER is industriously engaged on the third volume of his "History of American Literature," which will not be completed for some time yet. Prof. Tyler has prepared, from a portion of the material of this volume, a course of six lectures, which he is to deliver this month before the Lowell Institute of Boston. The general theme of these lectures is "The Literature of the American Revolution," which is treated under the specific topic of "The Pamphleteers, the Song-writers, and the Satirists of the Revolution." The first lecture is entitled "Traits of American Literature during the Revolution;" the second, "The Revolution as reflected in Pamphlets, Songs, and Satires;" the third is the same subject continued; the fourth is "The Chief Tory Satirist of the Revolution—Jonathan Odell;" the fifth is "A Whig Satirist of the Revolution—Francis Hopkinson;" the sixth is "Another Whig Satirist of the Revolution—Philip Frenau." We wish Chicago also might have an opportunity of hearing these lectures, which will no doubt be excellent.

AT THE meeting of the American Library Association at Washington, Mr. Poole made a report of progress on the new edition of his "Index to Periodical Literature," in which the references will be brought down to January, 1880. Nearly seventy-five of the principal libraries in this country and in England for more than two years have been coöperating

with Mr. Poole in the work of indexing the leading reviews and magazines for this new edition. Mr. Poole reports that the work of all these collaborators has been sent in, revised, and distributed under the first letter of the headings. About 600 pages of manuscript is ready for the printer, but it is deemed advisable not to begin to print till all the matter is arranged and has received its final revision. The edition of 1853 has long been out of print, and is one of the rarest books in the market. The new edition will include all the matter of the last edition, and about five times as much new matter besides. In the original circular it was proposed to index for the new edition 182 new sets of periodicals. The actual number which has been indexed is 188, comprising 4818 volumes. It is expected that the printing will commence early in 1882, and will require a year to complete it. It will make a royal octavo volume of 1200 pages. Messrs. James R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, will be the publishers.

A WRITER in "The Student," a new and promising educational journal published at Westtown, Pa., gives some interesting particulars regarding the great English Dictionary, begun in 1859 by the English Philological Society, and to be published by the famous Clarendon Press. The first part, embracing the letter A, will appear in 1882; the remaining fourteen parts to follow at the rate of about two a year till completed. The page will be a trifle larger than that of Webster's Unabridged, and the whole work will be about four times as large as Webster. It is expected to contain every word ever used by a good English writer, illustrated by quotations showing its first usage and subsequent modifications down to the present. The work involves the reading of every book of importance that has ever appeared in English; and much of this reading is of necessity voluntary. The Philological Society has requested Americans willing to aid in the work to read all the literature of this country and the English literature of the last century, noting all new words or words used in a new sense. Blank slips, which reduce the labor to a very pleasant task, will be furnished on application to Dr. Murray, chief editor, at Mill Hill, Middlesex, N. W., England; or to Professor March, at Easton, Pa.

MR. POOLE's paper on "The Construction of Library Buildings," which he read at the meeting of the American Library Association at Washington, February 10th, and the discussion which followed, mark an epoch, says the New York "Nation," in the history of library architecture. Representatives of all the leading libraries in the country were present, and plans for a new building for the Library of Congress were under consideration at the same session. The first part of the paper is a vigorous criticism and condemnation of what he calls "the conventional style of library architecture," of which the Boston Public Library, Boston Athenæum, Astor Library, Cincinnati Public Library, Baltimore Peabody Institute, and Congress Library buildings, are the representative types. "I know," he says, "no better rule to be observed in the library architecture of the future than this: 'Avoid everything that per-

tains to the plan and construction of the conventional American library building.'" His objections to the prevailing style are, in brief: 1. The waste of space in the central portion of these buildings; 2. The difficulty and cost of heating; 3. The waste of strength in climbing stairs, and the destruction of bindings by excessive heat in the upper galleries; 4. The difficulty of communication from one part of the library to another; 5. Insecurity from fire; 6. Want of quietude for reading and study; 7. Difficulty of enlargement; 8. Excessive cost. Having exposed the evils of the present style, he shows how they can be obviated in plans of his own which he exhibited. These plans were devised to meet the wants of the largest libraries—two of which, Congress Library and the Boston Public Library, are about to erect new buildings; yet they developed principles of general application. On a lot of 200 feet square he proposes to erect a fire-proof building four stories high, having an open quadrangle of 90 feet square in the middle, which will accommodate 2,000,000 volumes; and when more space is needed, two more stories can be added which contain another million. On the middle of the side having the main entrance, will be the central building, which will be used for administrative purposes and the business of the library. The books will be stored in a series of rooms thrown out as wings from this central building, and extending around the lot. Each room will have the books on a special subject, with all the arrangements for studying them in that room. Hence no general reading room will be needed. There will be forty of these rooms, each of which is fire-proof, and the only access to them is by a light iron corridor at each story running round on the inside of the quadrangle. Alcoves and galleries will be abolished. The books will all be shelved near the floor in cases no higher than a person can reach without step or ladder. An elevator in the central building will land readers on the level of any corridor. The cost of construction in the conventional style ranges per volume, on the basis of storage capacity, from \$1.33 in the Astor Library, to \$2.00 in the Peabody Institute Library. In Mr. Poole's plan it is 32 cents per volume. One merit of this plan is that only so much of this building need be built as will meet present wants. Additional compartments will be added as the library increases. The paper, with illustrations, will be printed for general distribution by the United States Bureau of Education. Mr. Spofford, of the Congress Library, in the discussion that followed the reading, spoke in approving terms of the merits of the paper and of the plans. He fully endorsed all that Mr. Poole had said in condemnation of the conventional style, and illustrated it from his experience in his own library. He said there were principles developed in the plans which would be seriously considered by the commission having the plans of the new Congress Library building under consideration. Mr. Smith, of the Philadelphia Ridgway Library, Mr. Edmunds, of the Philadelphia Mercantile Library, Mr. Winsor, of Cambridge, and others, followed in the same strain of approval. No adverse criticism was made.

THE MAGAZINES.

SEVEN substantial articles, two of them upon Irish affairs, one on Southern affairs, one on Public Debts, a scientific consideration of Modern Miracles, and two critical papers, make up a strong if not widely-varied number of the "International Review" for March. Mr. Atkinson's article has the merit of being based on his own observations of the South during a recent tour; it is candid and philosophical in tone, and hopeful in its conclusions. Dr. Hammond's paper on Miracles treats several interesting cases upon his well-known theory of nervous disorder—a theory which is more fully worked out in his book on "Certain Forms of Nervous Derangement," reviewed in this number of THE DIAL. Mr. Adams's article is an advance chapter of his forthcoming work on "Modern Public Debts." The Irish articles are by Justin McCarthy and Leonard Courtney, both members of Parliament; and the critical papers are "Jacques Offenbach," by Wm. F. Aphorpe, and "The Early Days of Fox," by Henry Cabot Lodge.

THE "North American" has, as usual, a number of articles of the "stalwart" literary type. The most vigorous and wholesome of them is perhaps Prof. John Fiske's treatment of "Theological Charlatanry"—a sort of logical and critical clinic, with Mr. Joseph Cook as the subject. Repudiated by scientific men, abhorred by literary critics for the vileness of his rhetoric, and now denounced by theologians as a quack, Joseph will soon be driven to seek a change of occupation. Mr. John D. Philbrick writes of our "Free-School System" in opposition to the rather ill-considered strictures of Mr. Richard Grant White in a recent number of the "North American." Mr. Philbrick would be glad to see improvements made in our common schools, but is not yet ready to renounce the system. Captain Eads writes with much earnestness in advocacy of his ship-railway project; and Judge Chalmers treats the "Effects of Negro Suffrage" in a rational and intelligent style.

MR. LATHROP follows up his wrath-compelling article on "Literary and Social Boston" in the February "Harper" by a somewhat similar paper on Washington, in the March number. As the treatment, however, is rather less personal, and the portraits are confined to two scientific gentlemen and four Southern senators, there will doubtless be fewer hearts to ache than on the previous occasion. Mr. Conway's descriptions of Bedford Park, a suburb of London where he resides, and the accompanying illustrations, are excellent. Illustrated articles on "The University of Leiden," "The Arran Islands," "Possibilities of Horticulture," "A Glimpse of an Old Dutch Town" (Albany, N. Y.), and a number of essays, stories, and poems, make up a number more than ordinarily uniform in merit.

IN the March "Atlantic," deserved prominence is given to Mr. Lloyd's "Story of a Great Monopoly," by which is meant the Standard Oil Company of Pennsylvania, Cleveland, Baltimore, New York, Indianapolis, and elsewhere. There is involved, of

course, a discussion of the railroad problem, and an examination of the methods by which these corporations are able to buy legislatures and courts and even to defy the authority of Congress. Mr. Lloyd's facts are not specially new—the article having been held back from publication till some of the figures became stale and others incorrect, necessitating on the part of the magazine the humiliation of a pasted explanatory slip; but the points are presented with good effect, and the article is one of the most instructive which the "good American citizen" can read just now. Mr. James's "Portrait of a Lady," Miss Phelps's "Friends: A Duet," and Mr. Rossetti's "Wives of Poets," are continued in this number; and there are contributions from Richard Grant White, Dr. Holmes, Rose Terry Cooke, and several others of our best magazinists.

MRS. BURNETT's story of "A Fair Barbarian" has developed an interest that well justifies its reproduction in "Scribner's Monthly," the March number of which contains the second installment. The "Fair Barbarian" is a bright and unconventional Western girl who is placed for a time in the small English village of Slowbridge, where she shocks sedate matrons while she wins the hearts of their sons. The completion of the story is promised for April. Mr. Washington Gladden, in writing of "Protestantism in Italy," asserts that the losses of the Roman church under the tolerant attitude of the present government have been serious, but that Protestantism receives but few of these apostates, most of them reacting to the extreme of infidelity. Great gains could be made, he thinks, by a union of the two existing native Protestant churches—the Waldensian and the Free Italian—in one organization; their essential doctrines being substantially the same. "In London with Dickens," in this number, is attractive in illustrations and pleasant in descriptions.

THE variety and attractions which the conductors of "St. Nicholas" are able to produce each month give one the idea of practically inexhaustible resources. Each number is a surprise, and always a pleasant one. In the March number Mr. Rossiter Johnson develops his "Phaeton Rogers" into a charming juvenile story;—and there are so many other good things in words and pictures that we cannot even enumerate them.

LIPPINCOTT's is perhaps less sedate than formerly, and is on the whole improved since its change of series. While its chief aim is to provide entertainment for its readers, it has many instructive and substantial articles—of which that on "The Diamond Mines of South Africa," with illustrations, is probably the best in the March number. A new serial is announced, to be begun in April.

THE "Californian" is making a good record for itself and the literature of the Pacific Slope. It has, what is so extremely hard to create in a magazine, a distinctive flavor; and its best articles are those

which relate to its own region. The paper on "The Olive Tree," in the March number, contains some interesting facts about olive-growing in California, for which soil and climate are well fitted. A clever little satire called "Uncle Sam and the Western Farmer" contains what is presumably the Pacific view of protection. Papers on "A New California" and "Interoceanic Communication" are both valuable. If this magazine would use larger type and blacker printing, it would be more tempting to the eye and more pleasant in reading. It should also be put in a flat package, and not rolled—a barbarous process—for transmission through the mails.

As Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.'s elegant "Magazine of Art" becomes better known in this country it must grow to be almost as great a favorite here as it is in England. It combines rich typography and choice letter-press matter with its leading feature of art illustrations—these consisting of etchings and engravings of a high order and in great profusion. The magazine is generous in size, and is published (monthly) at the popular price of three dollars a year. The February number has some thirty illustrations, several of them full-page. A prominent feature of the number is the descriptive article on Sir Frederick Leighton's House, with some views of charming and artistic interiors.

THE success of the "Magazine of American History" marks a growing taste for special historical studies in this country. It is a handsome and well-conducted publication, valuable to all who have any interest in American history and antiquities. The leading feature of the March number is a finely written paper on "Kaskaskia and its Parish Records," by Mr. Edward G. Mason. This ancient village, "supposed to be the oldest permanent European settlement" in the Mississippi Valley (1682, 1683, 1685, and 1686, being the dates most commonly mentioned as its origin), still preserves its antique character and appearance; and the records which Mr. Mason has so industriously searched have yielded a mass of interesting facts connected with its early history, from which he has constructed a most entertaining narrative. It is a matter of regret that this village, so full of historic interest, is now in imminent danger of being washed away by the encroachment of the Mississippi. Mr. B. F. De Costa furnishes an account of the famous Nancy Globe, preserved in the Public Library of Nancy, France,—“perhaps the most beautiful of all the ancient globes. It is of rich silver-gilt, measuring about six inches in diameter. * * Its origin is not now known.” The article is accompanied by a fine engraving of the globe, from a photograph, now printed for the first time. Christian Febig, Colonel of the Virginia Line of the Continental Army, is the subject of a biographical article and of a fine portrait etched on steel. Several other valuable and interesting features are included in this number. This magazine, we may add, is conducted by Mr. John Austin Stevens, and published by A. S. Barnes & Co. at five dollars a year.

THE articles in the March "Popular Science Monthly" illustrate the admirable combination in this fine periodical of the strict scientific spirit with journalistic enterprise and tact. Many of the papers are interesting and of high value to non-scientific readers; but they are never made so "popular" as to lack trustworthiness and responsibility. The March No. has articles on "Physical Education," "The Problem of Municipal Nuisances," "A Piece of Coal" (illustrated), "Political Forms and Forces," "Lingering Barbarism," "The Legal Position of Married Women," "The State as an Educator," "The Morals of Luxury," "Mind as a Measure of Nature," etc. Prof. Benjamin Pierce is the subject of this month's portrait and biography.

THERE is plenty to commend in both the dress and contents of the "Harvard Register" in its new form. The cover is agreeable, and has manifest "wearing" qualities; the type is large, and the paper and printing are good. The publisher (Moses King, Cambridge, Mass.) should find his enterprise rewarded by a subscription-list containing the names of all living Harvard men. In President Eliot's annual report, published in full in the February number, there is an interesting discussion of the increase of colleges and the effects of this increase on the older institutions. Of the 360 so-called colleges and universities in the country, nearly 300 have been organized since 1850. The principal increase has been, of course, in the West; though the total increase of colleges in the country has far outstripped the growth of population. Of the 360 schools mentioned, more than one-third charge no tuition-fee or only a nominal one; this being largely the practice at the West. Yet Harvard's tuition-fees are apparently no obstacle to the supply of students from outside New England, the percentage of which has steadily advanced. The attendance from the South has naturally fallen off, but this loss has been more than made good by the increase from the Middle and Western States. In a word, the institution has steadily grown as a national resort. The misfortunes and weaknesses of many Western colleges have of course helped Harvard; for however desirable it might be to foster institutions of learning at the West, it is to be expected that stronger than any local or geographical considerations will be excellence and thoroughness of instruction, good libraries and collections, scholarly qualities on the part of instructors, and all the other elements that go to make up the highest educational advantages.

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